

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME II.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1852.

WHOLE NUMBER 75.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
J. W. FARNS & Wm. N. ANGEL.
Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.
Taken at the office, or forwarded by mail, . . . \$1.00
Delivered by the carrier in the village, . . . 1.50
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, twenty-five cents for each subsequent inser-
tion. Legal advertisements at the rates prescribed
by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements as
follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00 | 1 square 1 year, \$5.00
1 " 3 " 2.00 | 1 column 1 " 20.00
1 " 6 " 3.00 | 1 " 1 month, 5.00

Advertisements unaccompanied with written or
verbal directions, will be published until ordered
out, and charged for. When a postponement is
added to an advertisement, the whole will be charged
the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1852.

A. W. SQUIER, Physician and Surgeon, Steels'
Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

M. E. RAWSON, Physician and Surgeon. Of-
fice in Park's new building, Washington street,
Grand Haven, Mich.

MORRIS BUCK, Physician and Surgeon.—
Polkton, Ottawa Co., Mich.

L. K. DEVELLY, Tailor and Cutter. The sub-
scriber has opened his shop, and would respect-
fully invite the attention of the citizens of Mus-
kegon and vicinity who are in want of a first
rate garment, good and stylish. I feel confident
in giving entire satisfaction to those who may
favor me with their patronage. Muskegon,
October, 1852.

WHITE LAKE HOUSE, By Clements & Bow-
ers. The proprietors having recently newly fit-
ted and re-furnished this House, feel confident
that visitors and travelers will find this House to
compare favorably with the best in the State.—
The traveling community are invited to call.

HENRY MARTIN, successor to Ball & Martin,
Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant,
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forward-
ing and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

J. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—
Store, corner Washington and Water streets,
Grand Haven, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

FERRY & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots
and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines—also man-
ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber.
Water Street, Grand Haven.

WM. M. FERRY, JR. } **WM. M. FERRY.**
THOS. W. FERRY. }

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy
Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c., &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

D. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOY-
ER. The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, By HERMAN JOACH-
IM. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-
ton Street, Grand Haven.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at
Law, Solicitor in Chancery and Circuit Court
Commissioner for Ottawa County. Office first
door west of H. Griffin's store.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, will attend
promptly to collecting and all other professional
business intrusted to his care. Office over H.
Griffin's Store, opposite the Washington House,
Grand Haven, Mich.

H. MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots
and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders promp-
tly attended to. Shop one door below the Wash-
ington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

JAMES PATERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-
fin's Store.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney
for Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

From Gleason's Pictorial. DEATH OF HON. DANIEL WEBSTER. BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

Ay, leave him alone in his dreamless sleep.
The conflict is over, the victory won;
He has reached the proud summit of glory's steep.
He would rest from his labor, ay let him sleep on.

Well may ye gather, with solemn tread,
Round the grave of America's favorite son;
Well may the tears of a nation be shed,
When it mourns for so mighty an intellect gone.

They are passing away! they are passing away!
The great and the good who have won a proud
name;

But never a nobler or brighter ray
Has circled round one on the annals of fame.

As a patriot, a statesman, a scholar, a man,
For a truer or better, go search the wide earth;
As a husband, a father, a neighbor and friend,
Let the grief which surrounds him attest to his worth.

Ye have pillowed his head in a chosen spot,
Mid the scenes which, in life, he loved the best;
Surrounded by those who have shared his lot,
And a monarch might envy his peaceful rest.

Then leave him alone in his lowly bed,
Long ages to come shall re-echo his name;
And the tears which a grateful nation have shed,
Like a halo shall circle his well earned fame.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

One of the most striking cases of presence of
mind, and self-possession ever recorded, came to
light in a trial which took place some time since
in Ireland. A woman traveling along a road to
join her husband who was a soldier, and quar-
tered at Athlone, was joined by a peddler, who
was going the same way. They entered into
conversation during a walk of some hours—but
as the day began to wane, they agreed that they
should stop for the night at some house of en-
tertainment—and pursue their pedestrian jour-
ney the next day. They reached an humble inn
situated in a lonely spot by the road side—and
fatigued after a long day's walk, they were glad
to find themselves under the shelter of a roof.

Having refreshed themselves with the sub-
stantial supper before them, they expressed a
wish silently to retire. They were shown into
the traveler's room, and went to rest in their
respective beds. The peddler, before retiring,
had called the landlord aside, and given into
his keeping the pack which he had unstrapped
from his back, till morning, telling him that it
contained a considerable amount of money, and
much valuable property. They were not long
in before the peddler fell into a sound sleep, but
the poor woman, perhaps from over fatigue or
from thoughts of seeing her husband next day,
lay awake.

A couple of hours might have passed, when
she saw the door slowly opened, and a person
slowly entered, holding a light, which he screen-
ed with his hand. She instantly recognized in
him one of the young men she had seen below
—son to the landlord. He advanced with a
stealthy step to the bed side of the peddler, and
watched him for a few seconds. He then went
out and entered with his brother, and father,
who held in his hand a large pewter basin.—
They went on tip-toe to the bed side, where the
peddler lay in a deep sleep.

One of the young men drew out a knife, and
while the father held the basin so as to receive
the blood, he cut the poor victim from ear to
ear. A slight, half audible groan, and all was
still, save the cautious movements of the party
engaged in the fatal deed. They had brought
in with them a large sack, into which they
thrust the unresisting body. The poor woman
lay silently in her bed, fearing her turn would
come next. She heard low mutterings among
the men, from which she soon gathered that
they were debating whether they should murder
her too, as they feared that she might have it
in her power to betray them.

One of them said that he was sure she was fast
asleep and there was no occasion to trouble
themselves more—but to make sure of this be-
ing the case, one came to her bed-side, with the
candle in his hand, and the other with his knife.
She kept such perfect command over herself, as
not to betray in her countenance any sign that
she was conscious of what was going on. The
candle was passed close to her eyes—the knife
was drawn across, close to her throat—she never
winced, or showed by any movement of fea-
ture or of the limb, that she apprehended dan-
ger. So the men whispered that she was sound-
ly asleep, that nothing was to be feared from
her, and went out of the room, removing the
sack which contained the murdered man.

How long must this night of horror have
seemed to that poor lone woman? How fright-
ful was its stillness and darkness? The pres-
ence of mind which had so astonishingly en-
abled her to act a part to which she owed her
life, sustained her all through the trying scenes
which she had yet to pass. She did not hurry
from her room at an unusual early hour, but
waited till she had heard all the family astir for
some time. She then went down, and said she
believed she had overslept herself, in conse-
quence of being greatly tired. She asked
where the peddler was, and was told that he was
in too great a hurry to wait for her, but that he
had left a sixpence to pay for her breakfast.

She sat down composedly to that meal, and
forced herself to partake with apparent appetite,

of the food set before her. She appeared un-
conscious of the eyes, which, with deep scruti-
ny, were fixed upon her. When the meal was
over, she took leave of the family, and went on
her way, without the least appearance of dis-
composure or mistrust. She had proceeded but
a short way when she was joined by two strap-
ping looking women—one look was sufficient
to convince her that they were the young men
—and one thought, to assure her that she was
yet in their power, and on the very verge of de-
struction.

They walked by her side, interred into con-
versation, asked her where she was going and
told her that their road lay the same way, they
questioned her as to where she had lodged the
night before, and made most minute inquiries
about the family inhabiting the house of en-
tertainment. Her answers were quite unembarr-
assed—she said the people of the house ap-
peared to be decent and civil, and had treated
her well.

For two hours the young men continued by
her side, conversing with her, and watching with
the most scrutinizing glances any change in her
countenance, and asking questions which, had
she not been fully self-possessed, might have
put her off her guard. It was not until her
dreadful companions had left her, and till she
saw her husband coming along the road to meet
her, that she lost her self-command, which she
had so successfully exercised, and throwing her-
self into his arms, fainted away.

OUR COUNTY NEWSPAPER.

We copy the following article from the *West-
chester Gazette*, which we would recommend to
those in this vicinity who do not sustain a coun-
ty paper:—

We feel inclined to put the question to our
citizens, whether they appreciate as they should,
the value of the local county papers? We do
this in no spirit of faultfinding, for our success
thus far has exceeded our expectations, and we
ought, therefore, to be contented. But we put
the question for the purpose of drawing atten-
tion to the subject and stirring up a proper de-
gree of public spirit in the matter.

Are these papers appreciated as they should
be? There is not a citizen in this or any other
town, whose name ought not to be on the sub-
scription list of the paper published in the town
or neighborhood in which he resides. Every
person who reads this article, and who is a sub-
scriber to the paper published in the town where
he lives, can answer with an honest heart, that
so far as he is concerned his local paper is ap-
preciated; but those who are not subscribers,
must answer the question in the negative. We
fear that this latter class is very numerous, we
know that it is larger than it ought to be.

That the publication of a paper in a town or
village, is an evidence of the advancing state of
intelligence and of public spirit, cannot be de-
nied. Persons at a distance, generally form
their opinions as to the condition of a town in-
tellectually, by the fact of the existence or non-
existence of a local paper. It is almost an infa-
lible test; for wherever there is sufficient intel-
ligence and public spirit to sustain a newspaper,
there one will invariably be found. This is just
so much a law of nature, as that grass will spring
up in a fertile soil. A person riding through a
waste of sand, where no grass grows, at once
pronounces the soil to be barren and unproduc-
tive: so a person finding a town without a news-
paper, pronounces it to be wanting in those el-
ements, from which alone a paper can draw its
nourishment, intelligence and public spirit. And
the conclusion is as certain and founded in the
very nature of things, as much in the one case
as in the other. We wish this fact would be
borne in mind. There is not a citizen of our
county, who would willingly permit his town
to rest under the imputation of being wanting
in public spirit; and yet there are hundreds who
are pursuing a course, which, if generally fol-
lowed, would necessarily result in this:—hundreds
who are not now doing anything to sustain
the paper published in their town or vicini-
ty. In a great majority of instances this is the
result of negligence, and in many cases other
papers are taken while their own are neglected.
This, however, is wrong. The influence and
means of every citizen should, in the first in-
stance, be applied to that which is calculated to
raise and elevate the standard of intelligence
and morality, in the community where he re-
sides, to give to it a tone and character. This
being accomplished, he may then expand his field
of action, and subscribe for papers published
elsewhere—but the first duty is at home.

Our citizens all want to be apprised of what
is transpiring in the town and county. That is
the matter in which they are peculiarly interest-
ed. The meetings of our courts, and proceed-
ings before them—public meetings—political
acts—matters of local interest and importance,
deaths, marriages, casualties, &c., &c.; these
must all be chronicled. Our citizens all wish to
keep up with the time; they wish a journal pub-
lished, to which they can refer for information
on all these points. But how many of them re-
member that such a journal can be kept up by
only a great outlay of time and money, how many
enjoy the result of this outlay, without con-

tributing one cent towards defraying the ex-
pense; how many, instead of subscribing his
share towards remunerating the editor and pro-
prietor for their toil and labor, borrow their
neighbor's paper, and reap instruction and profit
from the labor and expense of others, without
paying for it? Have our borrowing readers, ever
looked at the matter in this light? Have they
ever thought that every time they read a
borrowed paper, published in their own vicinity,
they are enjoying the fruit of other persons la-
bor, and contributing nothing in return? If not
we hope that they will be induced to think and
then to act.

THE POTATO DISEASE.

It is impossible to peruse the following sensi-
ble letter, addressed to the editor of the *Times*,
without being struck with the force of the rea-
soning; and the more so when we consider how
very differently the seeds of all other plants are
treated. They are carefully ripened, dried, and
kept in places free from damp, at least such
damp as would produce germination. It only
requires that we should imagine what the effect
would be of treating *peas, beans*, or other veget-
able seed, as we constantly do potatoes, in order
to understand the reasonableness of the remarks
made by Mr. Cuthill. It is plain to us that the
first thing to be done to improve the quality of
the plant and to eradicate the disease, is to se-
lect the potatoes when first removed from the
earth which are intended for seed, to have them
well dried before storing, and then to keep them
in a dry place, exposed to the air, so as to pre-
vent germination. We have much pleasure in
giving greater publicity to such useful sugges-
tions: [Christian Advocate and Journal.

Sir,—From time to time, since 1845, you have
granted me the great favor of publishing notices
of mine on this subject in your columns, a me-
dium through which they are conveyed to all
parts of the world. Ever since the outbreak of
this calamity my mind has been occupied in en-
deavors to counteract it, for I felt certain that
there was a remedy to be found somewhere, and
that if we failed in discovering this, it was only
because we are ignorant of the laws regulating
the growth of the plant, and of the injurious
influences which interfered with the regular op-
erations of these; and so it has been that most
of those who have entered into the question,
chiefly devoting themselves to speculation, have
dashed about here and there like a rudderless
ship, and wandered far and wide from the right
path.

In the *Times* of July 20, 1847, I stated my
belief that the potato disease resulted from a
long-continued ill-treatment of the tubers, and
from the too great richness of the soil in which
they are grown. Where the soil is rich the dis-
ease is most virulent, where the soil is poor the
disease has less influence; the potato is more
floury and better flavored. These statements
were true then, and I confirm them now. The
health of the potato depends on the wintering
of the tuber. If taken care of in the winter it
will take care of itself in the summer. At dig-
ging-up time all potatoes intended for seed
should be left upon the ground until well green-
ed by the sun and air, then laid in a cold, dry,
and airy place, if possible, where they can be
protected from frost. How, it may be asked,
does this prevent the disease? In this way:—
Every person must know that the slowest grow-
ing tree forms the hardest wood, and this is just
the case with the potato wintered on my plan.
When the tubers are placed as above directed
they produce their shoots slowly and gradually,
the stem becomes woody, with fine close fibres
so that the texture is strong and wiry; when
once this condition is produced it is never alter-
ed, and it extends itself to the very summit of
the haulm. This simple fact explains why au-
tumn-planted potatoes have been freest from
the disease; the development of the shoots be-
ing slow, they acquire that woody texture which
it is essential for the stem to have to defend it
from the influence of the disease.

Contrast the above principles with common
practice. The tubers are put away in large
heaps, covered thickly with straw and mould,
sweated, and by the spring matted together with
the shoots which have grown out of them.—
When planting time comes, all this growth is
pulled off, the tubers are cut to pieces and limed
over to heal up the wounds. They are plant-
ed upon, or under, rotten dung or mud; what
life is left shows itself in the development of a
soft water shoot just like a balsam, liable to ev-
ery disease. Such plants may be compared to
a confirmed drunkard, whose organs are in the
last stage of destruction; should any external
influence act upon them so as to produce active
disease, all is lost: there are no stamina to fall
back upon. Thus there is no hope for such mis-
managed potatoes when the weather is unfavor-
able; for if a few dull hot days are followed by
a bright sun, the sap ferments, becomes putrid,
mildew forms, the diseased sap descends gradu-
ally into the tubers, when those which are young-
est, into which the flow is most rapid, suffer
most, while those which are nearly ripe suffer
less or not at all.

The whole secret is in the wintering, and
planting the tubers in the earth with all the

strength nature had placed in them when fully
ripe. Then they form healthy roots, and a strong
woody stem. Sudden changes have little effect
upon the haulm of such plants; the movement
of the sap goes on regularly; the plant cannot
become gorged with water, since the stem is too
woody. The sap is well elaborated, the under-
ground stem is hard, and the neck of the plant
firm and solid, exhibiting a strong health, which
can only be acquired through a careful winter-
ing.

In addition to all this, a late potato, with a ro-
bust constitution like that just described, ripens
its tubers five or six weeks earlier than other-
wise.

I have now done with all experiments upon
this kind of vegetables, and I trust I may have
been the means of doing some service to pota-
to-growing.
JAMES CUTHILL.

NEW-YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On Tues-
day, the 29th ult., the winter arrangements for
the departure of trains on the Central Railroad
from Buffalo to Albany and New York went
into operation. On and after that day six trains
daily leave Buffalo, and the time by them to
Albany is twelve hours, and sixteen hours to
New York. So perfect is the Railroad sys-
tem reduced and so well managed are they
that the time of arrival of the cars at any particu-
lar point does not vary more than a minute or
two for days together in the summer, and scarce-
ly more in the winter. The different roads,
composing the Central line, are under the direc-
tion of competent, energetic, and gentlemanly
Superintendents. This is particularly the case
with the Superintendents of the Buffalo and
Rochester, and Rochester and Syracuse Roads,
as we can attest from experience. Mr. Martin,
Superintendent of the first, and Mr. Dutton of
the second have few if any superiors as Railroad
managers.

The Straight Line Road from Buffalo to Ba-
tavia was opened a few days since, shortening
the distance between those two points seven
miles, and avoiding much of the heavy grade on
the old route. Early in the spring the Straight
Line Road between Rochester and Syracuse,
about eighty miles in length, will be completed,
shortening the distance between Buffalo and Al-
bany 20 miles more. The project of straighten-
ing the road from Syracuse to Utica has been
discussed for some time, and it is believed the
enterprise will succeed, as a considerable portion
of the stock has already been subscribed. When
this road shall be completed, the distance be-
tween the two cities at the extremities of the
Central road will probably be made in ten hours,
and to New York in fourteen.

Seven years ago, the *Buffalo Commercial*
says:—

"There was but a single day train east, start-
ing from Buffalo at seven in the morning, and
reaching Syracuse at bed-time, and there laying
over for the night. It was all the following day
reaching Albany, and there the traveler had to
remain another night. Starting the following
morning he reached Springfield at noon—went
thence to New Haven by rail—and on to New
York by boat, arriving at the city on the follow-
ing morning. Coming this way, even more time
was consumed in the journey. The Hudson
River road now runs in a manner which may be
conceived by the following remarks of an aston-
ished traveler:

"I reckon they travel some on the Hudson
River Railroad. I stepped in the car at Albany,
got fairly seated at Hudson, lighted my cigar at
Poughkeepsie, spit out of the window at Peek-
skill, and hit a man at Sing Sing. The telegraph
poles looked like a close picket fence, and on go-
ing to the rear of the train, I found we had a
rope-walk and ten pin alley in tow, each filled
with brick, both stuck straight out like the tail
of a kite, without touching the track—and were
used merely to steady the cars."

[Detroit Tribune.

A STRING OF WANTS.—Wanted—Twenty in-
dependent Yankee men, under thirty years of
age, who dare wear their coats in the street,
with a patch the size of a cent and a half on
the elbow.

Wanted—The same number of native born
Americans, in good standing in society, who
dare wear their hats, though sound as a well-
conditioned life-preserver, if the nap is a little
short, and the rim half an inch narrower than
the latest fashion.

Wanted—The same number of gentlemen
who are members of "the three learned pro-
fessions," or in the mercantile line, that would
prefer wearing an overcoat three winters in suc-
cession, to running in debt for a new one.

Wanted—Twenty spruce dry-goods clerks
within the city limits, who would be satisfied to
dress no richer or more fashionable than their
employers.

Wanted—Twenty gentlemen of strong and
robust body, who would help their brothers car-
ry a trunk four blocks on Broadway by daylight.

Wanted—Twenty, ten or even five gentle-
men, respectfully connected, and enjoying an ex-
tensive circle of acquaintances, who dare saw a
stick of wood before the door of their city resi-
dences.

If the above named gentlemen will meet at
any convenient gathering place, something may
turn up for their mutual benefit. They may be
sure of honorable intention in this call. It is
not of sort proposals from Barnum or anything
of that sort. Young men of common sense
rally.
[N. Y. Times.